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RISDON DEL. SC.

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GENERAL SUMMARY.

The Panorama of the Harper's Ferry Insurrection was on exhibition at Melodeon Hall, Madison, Indiana, last week. If it paid, the show would wait a little longer. If it paid no better than the original insurrection, however, the proprietors would leave for more appreciative stamping grounds.

It will probably be remembered by some of our readers that in July last, an affray took place at Coxsackie, where Dan Rice's show was then on exhibition, and in which affray a man was killed, and the showmen were censured for it. Mr. John C. Rivers, who, with another, was arrested for the murder, now writes to us from Catts kill, N. Y., and states that he was confined in Cattskill jail for seven months before he was brought out to answer the charge, and finally he was discharged without a trial. Mr. Rivers says that an impression prevailed that the death of Mr. Decker was brought about to serve some private ends, and that the showmen were privy to it. This Mr. Rivers denies, and says that Dan Rice knew nothing of the affray until the day after it occurred. Mr. R says the cause of the man's death was bad fighting rum, which is the cause of nearly all such rows, and for which the showmen are blamed; when, in fact, the parties concerned in such affrays do not belong to the shows. Mr. Rivers wishes us to state these facts, in justice to Mr. Dan Rice and his company.

Dan Rice's Zoyara, at the show in Philadelphia, has proved equal to all emergencies, and has in no single instance permitted the New York Zoyara to eclipse him. At Niblo's, in New York, Zoyara was thrown from the flying steed; the Philadelphia performer suffered likewise; the New Yorker sprained an ancle; so did the Philadelphia chap, and actually had a physician sent for; but his services were not required, by the time he arrived. In fact, if the New York Zoyara should undertake to break a leg, the Philadelphia wonder would not hesitate to snap off the pair. Altogether, the Philadelphia institution is well made up, and goes through many surprising feats of horsemanship with marvelous intrepidity and daring. The effect has been to attract crowded houses, and the fame of Dan Rice has been increased by the introduction of this hermaphrodite of the human species. Dan *is* a showman, and understands his business better than Barnum ever did his. All hail, Zoyara, and peace be unto the followers and admirers of this remarkable "dam-soil."

Hiram Marks, well known as ring master and general circus performer, is now residing in Chicago, out of an engagement. Parties solicitous of his services will do well by addressing him there—Colson House, Box 775.

Frank Drew announces a benefit at Dan Rice's Show, Philadelphia, on the 8th, on which occasion he will appear in the arena as clown. Let there be a frank response to Drew's appeal.

* * * Dan Rice will open the Front Street Amphitheatre shortly, with his big show. Dan has informed our citizens that he will treat them to a show "as a show," he is capable of doing it, and we are anxiously looking for the promised treat. * * *

Mabie's circus company were announced to make three appearances (commencing on the 5th inst.) at Houston, Texas. Thence, they would proceed through the Gulf counties, to San Antonio.

CITY SUMMARY.

At Barnum's Museum, the "What is it?" is the "star." So far as we can judge, our new acquaintance is simply a branch of the extensive monkey tribe, a little more human than most of such animals are—its leg joints being so formed as to enable it to maintain something like an erect position, its eye being intelligent, and its laugh (it *does* laugh) a cheerful chirp. "What is it" is really an amusing fellow, and just now every body seems to be paying court to him.

At the Old Bowery, th ey are doing the "Old Plantation," alleged to be a truthful picture of Southern life, and escaping all exaggerated coloring. Of this drama, Mr. G. W. Jamieson, as Uncle Tom ("the real") is the chief support, and certainly is a capital representative of the darkey, with all his peculiarities of fun and oddity. The "Charcoal Banner" and "Sketches in India" have also been acted.

On the 27th ult., Mr. Monroe, a member of our State Assembly, gave notice to that body, of his intention to speedily introduce a bill, fixing the price of a theatre license at $500 for a season of six months, and $1,000 for a year, and that of a license for all other public entertainments at $150 and $300 for the respective terms already mentioned. This is not all the evil the redoubtable Monroe threatens to inflict on us. No; when he has disposed of his first bill, it is his intention to introduce a second, prohibiting Sunday concerts. As a specimen of bigotry and intolerance, this action of Mr. Monroe is worthy of mention along with many others that have recently shamed the wisdom of legislative functions and the civilization of the times. Why the charge for licenses should be enlarged exclusively in respect to places of public amusement, or why the greater weight should have been put upon those of the stage, we are at a loss to surmise, apart from the belief that our sapient Assemblyman is a successor, morally at least, of those strait laced fanatics who, two centuries since, were the manufacturers in chief of blue laws, and whose only recognized path of godliness was that beset with thorns and briars.

At the Winter Garden, they produced, last Monday evening, a burlesque, by the Brothers Brough, on the famous romance of "Ivanhoe"—principal characters by Mrs. John Wood, Messrs. Jefferson, Pearson, and A. H. Davenport, the latter of whom took the part of Rebecca, who, in this burlesque, is shown as a celebrated *equestrienne* of the day.

From Niblo's, the Cooke troupe have departed for Boston, giving their last performance on Saturday; and being succeeded, on Monday, by Mrs. Barney Williams, in a new piece written by Mr. Mr Walcot, of Wallack's, entitled "Patience and Perseverence," "An Hour in Seville." To these was added the *petite* comedy of "Perfection," in which Miss Emily Mestayer sustained the character of Kate O'Brien.

The "Sea of Ice," recently produced at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, seems to have met with an unfavorable reception from the audience. Consequently, after a few nights' representation, it was put aside to thaw.

The world and the church are becoming more and more reconciled to each other, and what with dramatic oratory and effects in the pulpit by Beecher, Chapin, Cheever & Co., and the occupation of our theatres, "lecture rooms," and halls of amusement, by the "sheep of the pasture," a better feeling seems to be dawning among "the faithful" and those "without the ark of safety," and if the former prove but true to their calling, much good may be accomplished. Miss Kimberly, with her Octoroon has been endeavoring to bring about a "reconciliation" between the stage and the pulpit; and to this end sent a number of free passes to the clergy of Chicago. Rev. Brother N. L. Rice was one of the favored dead heads, having received a free pass as follows:—"Pass Rev. M. L. Rice and family to dress circle of McVicker's Theatre to see the Octoroon." The Rev. Rice, who—like most good men—is also an editor, upon the receipt of this "go in," thus gives his experience of how he felt about it. We quote from his paper, the *Presbyterian Expositor*:—"The first thought that struck us, on reading the note and the ticket, was the remarkable fact, that the church and the world seem about to come together; a reconciliation as likely to take place; and the broad line between them as about to be obliterated. Paul thought he could not please men, and yet be the servant of his Master; but the world has volunteered to please and edify the church. In years past, good people frowned on novels, and the theatre was regarded as the most corrupt and corrupting of Satan's devices to ruin unwary men. And indeed the effects of both novels and theatres have fully justified their estimate of their tendencies. But now the wife of a professor of theology can write novels—such novels, too, as the theatre can accommodate to its purposes; and now, men, who used to condemn the theatre as an unholy amusement, advise us to attend it! Now, it is a question of very considerable interest, whether the world, purified in its moral principles, is coming to the church; or, whether the church, corrupted in its faith and morals, is getting over to the world. *We confess our serious apprehension that the latter is true.*" Brother Rice ought to understand this subject pretty well, and we must take his word for it; the world, therefore, will have rather the worst of the bargain in having anything to do with the church, corrupted, as Brother Rice says it is, "in faith and morals."

THE LOVES OF CLEOPATRA, the Mysteries of Venus, the Darling of the Ladies, Tales of Twilight, each 25 cts., and sent post paid. Catalogues of Fancy Books sent on receipt of a red stamp, by CHARLES COOPER, Box 166, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GEO. CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS at NIBLO'S SALOON.
SUCCESS UNEXAMPLED.
THIS STAR TROUPE
of MUSICIANS, DANCERS, and COMEDIANS.
Under the immediate supervision of that justly acknowledged
Chief of Ethiopian Comedians,
GEO. CHRISTY,
Whose profound study and truthful portraitures of the peculiarities of Ethiopian Character, have placed him by Public Acclamation on the topmost round of the Ladder of Fame.

Note.—Notwithstanding the cards of other parties which are calculated to lead the public astray and create false impressions, GEO. CHRISTY respectfully announces that he is not connected in any way with any Company but the one now comprising
The following well-known Artists.
THE BEST QUARTETTE IN THE PROFESSION.
M. GUSIAVE BIDAUX,
First Baritone of the Italian Opera.
F. WILLMAITH,
The accomplished Musician and Ballad Singer.
W. MARKS,
The great Basso, whose power and depth is the theme of admiration of all who hear him.
J. H. COLLINS,
The pleasing Alto and Guitarist.
M. C CAMPBELL,
The truthful impersonator of the Darkies of Ancient Times, and Agent of Geo. Christy's Minstrels.
J. A. PAINE,
Popular Tenor and Solo Performer.
T VAUGHN,
Celebrated Banjo Player and Alto Singer of E. P. Christy's Minstrels
N. LOTHIAN,
The famous Leader, whose musical attainments have commanded universal encomiums from the press and public wherever he has appeared, Professor of the Violin, Melophone, Flageolet, &c.
J. TRIGG,
Contra Basso and Violin, the most talented Composer in the Profession.
R. TRIGG,
Cornet a Piston and Violincelloist.
R. HASLAM,
The exquisite performer on the Boehm Flute and Piccolo.
W. WHITE,
Violin, the most accomplished and witty Interlocutor that has ever appeared in this city.
R. SMITH,
Celebrated for many years as Tamborinist and Impromptu Speaker, whose drolleries are received each evening with roars of the most uncontrollable laughter.
M. LEWIS,
The elegant Dancer, and artistic representative of the Southern Feminine Character.
W. ARLINGTON,
Famous as a Banjo Player and Burlesque Dancer of the first class, the great original of the speciality known as the Louisa-Anna Fling, and other popular dances
BYRON CHRISTY,
Whose representations of the Dandy Darky, Irish, and other ardous roles, denotes talent of a high order.
MASTER GUS HOWARD,
The Lilliputian performer on the Bones, Tamborine; also jig dancer, pupil of Geo. Christy; the best general performer of his age in the world.
F. BONIPACE, C WHITE, J. GRANTHAM, L. CARUTHERS &c.
GEO. CHRISTY begs to refer his patrons with confidence to his experience of over eighteen years in the profession, as a guarantee of the excellence of the performances he submits for their amusement.
For particulars see small bills.
Price of admission.....25 cents.
Doors open at 6½, to commence at 7½ o'clock, precisely.
Front seats invariably reserved for Ladies and Gentlemen accompanying them. Gentlemanly ushers will be in attendance. 46

From the Providence Daily Journal, Feb. 23.

DARK DOINGS.—"What hoa! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!!"—George Christy is in a peck of trouble. There is a deeper shadow than usual on his brow. His countenance is blacker than the ten of spades. Now, what has disturbed the serenity of the Great Delineator? Why is the composure of his mind disordered, and why is it ruffled like the bosom of his shirt? Verily, George advertiseth the people thereof in the newspapers, and setteth forth in melancholy nonpareil the dark record of his Ethiopian sorrow. Nobody has stolen his purse, but somebody has filched his good name. Unprincipled adventurers, disregarding the private franchize, and snapping their fingers at the majesty of the law, are parading through the country, flaunting their hand-bills in the rural districts, and traveling not on their own "muscle," but on his "bones." They call themselves the "Late George Christy's Minstrels," as if the illustrious man from whom they steal their title had ceased in his vocation and become a Plutonian ghost. They have been in Boston, and for aught we know, they may come to Providence,—spurious blackbirds and nightingales,—whistling and singing of evenings in the coverts of Railroad Hall or Swarts's Pantheon. The original banjo is troubled and its strings tremble with unwonted vibrations. The original bones are exercised, and night after night their staccatos rattle like small arms and pistols. And the choler of George Christy rises and overtops the linen under his ears, and there is a kindling at the end of his nose,—a fiery spark on the dark and protruding shadow. Over the foot-lights of Niblo's comes an angry voice like the blare of a trumpet, bidding the people beware, lest they pay their good money to counterfeiters that utter false notes. "Here," cries George, "here is my tabernacle of wit and humor. Here have I set up my oracles of melody and fun, under this ancient roof tree, whose arches are filled with classic memories,—the exploits of Gabriel and Francois, the warblings of Norma, Harlequin's wand, and the spangled-tail of the Green Monster. There is but one George Christy, and he is here at Niblo's playing nightly with his sable choristers to crowded houses, and exerting his abilities as an artist, and his bones as a professor, to banish cares and wrinkles, and to diffuse amongst mankind a philosophy of wholesome mirth. None other is genuine." We believe it, George, and we give you the benefit of these paragraphs not for cards of admission or paltry considerations of reward, but for the sake of justice. Shall the jokes of Julius be stolen without recompense? Shall the new conundrum, fresh and warm and hardly whispered as yet in selectest ears at home, be snatched away in its very blossoming, and peddled with false pretence in Marblehead and Burrillville? Shall these tender melodies of the heart full of the loves of Phillis and Rose and breathing the smells of hoe cake and hominy, be rudely lipped for unworthy ducats in the presence of clowns and clodhoppers? Shall adventurers and charlatans make merchandise of George Christy, and fill their purses from the golden mint of his reputation? Forbid it, justice. We trust the hand of retribution is even now on the steps of these pretenders. Thieves of private fame, marauders in the domestic precincts of character, let them pause in their villainy or be consigned to jails and penitentiaries, George Christy's rights must be respected. Those droll lips must not be carried about the country without leave of their owner. That banjo which belongs to the saloons of the city must not be thrummed unwillingly to cornfields and forests and primitive rocks. Those "bones" are a part and parcel of George Christy. They are his skeleton, his natural supports. They belong to him like his pantaloons. While he lives he alone is entitled to their use, and when he dies he may bequeath them in his last testament "As a rich legacy."

Geo Christy is still performing at *Niblo's Saloon*, where, with his unapproachable Star Troupe he dispenses the essence of mirth and melody to his patrons every evening.

LADIES RIDING.—Among the many mistakes made by the lady riders of the present day, there is one more deserving of especial comment, and that is in regard to dress. A great many ladies merely wear a long skirt over their usual under clothes. Now a lady cannot by any possibility acquire either a secure or graceful seat with so many skirts between her and the saddle On the contrary, the finer the skirts, and the lighter her dress, the more likely is she to acquire a comfortable, easy, and graceful seat. The best riding habit a lady can use and which is more rapidly coming in favor with our American ladies, is simply the skirt about a foot longer than the ordinary walking dress: as light as it can be made; a jacket, close fitting, the sleeves rather full at the shoulder and elbow, and tight around the wrist; under the skirt she should have a neat fitting pantaloon coming down narrow at the ancle; a pair of long red morocco boots, with pantaloon strapped over them. With a habit of this style, the lady will be unembarrassed by her skirts, will feel cool and comfortable, besides being very graceful; much more so than the old style of long shotted skirts. No lady should ride without the leaping horn to her saddle.

SILVER SPURS, Bergen Point, N. J.

THE WORLD RENOWNED
HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S
Late *GEORGE CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,*
From Niblo's Saloon.
R. M. HOOLEY,
S. C. CAMPBELL, and } .....Proprietors.
G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
The Largest and most Talented Company ever organized, comprising the following
BRILLIANT ARRAY OF STARS:

J. UNSWORTH,	S. C. CAMPBELL,
R. M. HOOLEY,	MASTER EUGENE,
J. K. EDWARDS,	G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
A. J. HOBBS,	J. A. HERMAN,
J. C. REEVES,	J. B. DONNIKER,
T. J. PEEL,	J. H. HILLIARD,
E. WINCHELL,	MASTER CAMPBELL,

L. A. ZWISLER, &C., &C.

Who will have the honor to appear in their grand, original, and unapproachable
SOIREES D'ETHIOPE, Consisting of
NEW SONGS, SOLOS, ACTS, DANCES, PLANTATION SCENES, BURLESQUE OPERAS, COMEDY, TRAGEDY, and FARCE.

This Model Troupe of the World will visit Albany, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Auburn, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, &c., &c.

N. B.—The management respectfully solicit those who may have read Geo. Christy's cards, to peruse the following comment from the New York *Sunday Mercury* of Feb. 19, 1860:

THE MINSTREL WAR—TELLING MANIFESTO FROM MANAGER HOOLEY.—In our advertising columns will be found a card from Mr. R. M. Hooley, well known as one of the ablest and most experienced managers of Ethiopian Minstrel enterprise in the country, in which he replies to the savage attack recently made upon his band by Mr. George Christy, and makes a plain statement of facts, which proves that he has been most unjustly treated by the press of the city.

In another part of to-day's paper will be found the remarks we thought proper to make after hearing *one side* of the story only; and the present article is intended to serve as an offset to them.

We trust our readers will all peruse Mr. Hooley's card with attention, and decide whether that gentleman's unrivaled band of minstrels are "the itinerant catchpennies" their rivals would have the public suppose them to be. Mr. Hooley does not hesitate to affirm that he at present styles his band "Hooley and Campbell's Minstrels—late George Christy's, of Niblo's Saloon;" but he feels perfectly justified in such a course by the fact that he (Hooley) was the first to give a minstrel troupe the title of "George Christy's Minstrels" (from motives of courtesy), and that the company he now controls is neither more nor less than the very company which has become famous *under that title.* When playing in other cities, he does not wish to give the people of these cities the idea that Christy is really with him, or that they are connected in any way whatever; he only desires to intimate that the "stars" of his troupe are those whose recent performance with George at Niblo's Saloon, made them favorites, under the collective name of "George Christy's Minstrels."

It will be observed that the card includes the sworn statement of Master Eugene, Griffin, Herman, S. C. Campbell, and other famous delineators of negro character, and vocalists, to the effect that they were, for a long time previous to the dissolution at Niblo's, members of the "George Christy" company. Their names alone will satisfy our readers as to whether they were *prominent* members or not; and we are astonished that any sane man should presume to term such public favorites "itinerant catch-pennies!"

This card of Mr. Hooley's is a whole broadside of round-shot at the enemy, and cannot fail to injure the latter very materially in public opinion. The sworn statement is a perfect clincher, and "there is no getting around it."

In conclusion, we may add, that the editors of the *Sunday Mercury* are actuated by no personal motives in assuming their present stand; but take it, from a conviction that wrong has been done, and that justice is demanded. We have always considered Mr. George Christy the best Ethiopian comedian in the world, and have an equally high opinion of Mr. Hooley as a manager and a gentleman In this matter, we deal with the acts, not the men; and believe that we have taken the right side. 45

From the Albany Daily Times, Feb 25.

THE HOOLEY AND CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.—Last night, Association Hall was crammed to hear this most excellent band, and it was pronounced the best visiting us. We see that George Christy has announced that this band has no connection with him. This is funny, as it does not claim any. The Band travelled some time since as The Christy Minstrels, but Mr. Hooley dissolved his connection with George C., and found it to his advantage and the advantage of his Band to "play it alone." His manly card in response to the Christy squib, shows that he has the advantage in fact, as he does in the talent of his company. We are glad to learn, and "everybody" will be, that Dr. F. A. Jones, one of the most popular men alive—he who made Matt Peel's Campbells—is to be associated with this Band.

Last night some two hundred people were unable to gain admittance. To-night there is a change of programme.

From the New York Traveller, of Feb. 25th.

GEORGE CHRISTY.—This faithless troubadour, who is not constant, even to himself, much less to his friends, having lost his partner, Mr. R.M Hooley, and nine out of eleven of his company, who left him in disgust, has been trying by a card to stigmatize them as *itinerant catch pennies*, because they call themselves "Christy Minstrels." George Harrington, what right have you to the name of Christy, more than have they? And as to itinerancy, show us a greater wanderer than yourself from all your obligations, public and private, from fidelity and truth, and we will show you a match in this respect for Satan himself.

THE PHILADELPHIA MELODEON,
(Late City Museum.)
Callowhill street, between Fourth and Fifth streets,
Will positively be opened on
THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 1ST,
With an array of talent, in every department, of taste and beauty that must command the admiration and support of all who delight in
THE GRACEFUL OR THE BEAUTIFUL.
Amongst the many attractions which will be presented are the following:—
Miss H. O. LALANDE,
Whose superb Contralto voice and exquisite vocalization have been the theme of praise by all who have heard her.
Miss ELLA WOOD, the American Nightingale.
Miss MARY PARTINGTON, the most beautiful classic and elegant Danseuse on the American Stage.
Miss KATE PARTINGTON, the charming Vocalist and Jig Dancer.
M'lle MILLIE FLORA, the Eccentric Vocalist and Danseuse.
Miss JULIA CRISTINE, formerly leading Danseuse of the far famed Marsh Troupe.
Miss JENNIE CRISTINE, late the favorite Danseuse of the Ravel Troupe.
Mr. A. J. LEAVITT,
Who is without a Rival as a Banjo Soloist.
OLD DAN GARDNER,
Whose name is the synonym of Fun, and whose original delineations of Negro Eccentricity have challenged the admiration of the world.
THE CONRAD BROTHERS.
This Troupe consists of four Brothers, whose fame has become the property of the world, and whose feats of Grace, Strength, and Agility are unapproached by any other artists.
These, with many other attractions, commend the Melodeon to the admiration of the citizens of Philadelphia.
The crowning feature of novelty in this establishment, however, is the actual presence in flesh and blood, of the original
Mlle. ELLA ZOYARA BOYZENARIUS,
THE ORIENTAL MYTH,
Whose being has entranced the senses of the Old World, and whose fame has so addled the brains of rival managers as to make each of them fancy that they had separately created and were alone able to show this wonderful personage.
The management of the Melodeon now announce that Mlle. ELLA BOYZENARIUS is not an Equestrienne, but a Danseuse, and has never appeared in this country, but will
APPEAR AT THE MELODEON
Every night this week, it being her first and only engagement in the Western Hemisphere.
An epitome of the thrilling and romantic history of this young lady will be found in the bills of the day.
Professor BRAHAM presides over the Orchestra, which is confessedly without rival.
46-tf FRANK RIVERS & Co., Proprietors.

HOOLEY AND CAMPBELL'S
(Late Geo. Christy's Minstrels).

TO THE PUBLIC.—Having noticed a card in the New York *Herald* of the 12th inst., signed "Geo. Christy," intended to warn the public against an "*itinerant*" band "now performing in the vicinity of Boston," &c., and as the public might be deluded by this specious statement if left unexplained and uncontradicted, I deem it my duty as one of the proprietors of the "itinerant" band alluded to, and of which Geo. Christy himself, not more than three weeks ago, was joint proprietor with myself, to guard the public against receiving as truth, one of the most flagrant falsehoods ever issued to mislead a generous and unsuspecting public, as well as to do justice to the members of my company, who, *without other help* than their own inherent abilities, have attained an enviable position as artists in the business of Negro Minstrelsy. Geo. Christy says that he is not connected with any band of Minstrels except the one "*now and for several months*" performing at Niblo's Saloon. That his present company, as at present organized, has been performing at Niblo's Saloon, or at any other place, for more than three weeks past, is an unmitigated falsehood; but that Hooley and Campbell's, (late Geo. Christy's Minstrels,) now performing most successfully in the Eastern States, except Geo. himself, one fiddler, and a boy, embrace nine out of the eleven members constituting "*Geo. Christy's Minstrels*," and who delighted their audiences from November 1st, 1859, until January 28th, 1860, under the name of *Geo. Christy's Minstrels*, at Niblo's Saloon, is the truth, I fearlessly assert, of which fact the following statement, made under oath, will bear evidence:

"We, the undersigned, do hereby certify, and each for himself declares upon his oath, that he has for a long time past been a member of Geo. Christy's Minstrels, of which R. M. Hooley and Geo. Christy were the proprietors; and have performed at Niblo's Saloon, Broadway, New York, from November 1st, 1859, until January 28th, 1860. Signed,

MAST. EUGENE,	G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
J. A. HERMAN,	A. J. HOBBS,
S. C. CAMPBELL,	J. C. REEVES,
J. K. EDWARDS,	JAS. HILLIARD,
	R. M. HOOLEY."

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, County of Worcester, ss.: February 15th, 1860.—There personally appeared the above named Eugene, Griffin, Herman, Hobbs, Campbell, Reeves, Edwards, Hilliard, and Hooley, before me, a notary public duly commissioned for said county, and made oath that the above certificate by them subscribed is true.

(Notarial Seal.) JOHN A. DANA, Not. Pub.

Is it not astonishing that George should permit himself to sanction (in the face of so many who know to the contrary) a tale so utterly devoid of truth, and endeavor, over his own signature, to gull a public with such a shameless creation? What! stigmatize as *itinerant catch pennies*, gentlemen, and artists of the most undoubted talent and reputation, so well known to the citizens of New York as are Master Eugene, Mr. S. C. Campbell, G. W. H. Griffin, J. A. Herman, &c., &c? Let the public judge the characters of the libeler and libeled. In May, 1858, I hired George Christy, Master Eugene, G. W. H. Griffin, M. Lewis, and Mast. Gus. Howard, who were then members of "Geo. Christy and Wood's Minstrels," and took them with me to San Francisco, California, with whom to complete my company, the "San Francisco Minstrels," then performing in that place. As a mark of respect to George, I gave to the new organization the name of "Geo. Coristy's Minstrels;" this was the first band of Minstrels that had ever performed under that title, and consequently the "original" band. These facts appearing, viz: that I first gave the name, that I gave it to the company then under engagements to me, that nine of that company are now members of "Hooley and Campbell's Minstrels," and that only two, including himself, are now performing at Niblo's Saloon with Geo. Christy I leave it to an impartial public to judge whether we are not entitled to the name of the "*original Geo. Christy Minstrels*."

From his card, George seems to assume that he and his present *Star* (?) Company are the only delineators of Negro characters extant. I am glad to say, for the sake of the profession, that there are others who do not assent to his exclusion rule, of which he, not the public, is the framer; and as we intend in a short time to open in Broadway, New York, the public will have an opportunity of forming their own judgment as to who are the real delineators and genuine "Star Company." In conclusion, I beg leave to state, for the benefit of our western friends, that we intend to visit them forthwith, our route as laid out being Springfield, Mass., Feby, 20th and 21st; Troy, N. Y., 22d and 23d; Albany, N. Y., 24th, and 25th; &c., to Buffalo—and if we do not prove to be all that our bills represent, we shall be content to suffer the punishment which too much presumption and false trumpeting should carry with them.

Very respectfully, R. M. HOOLEY,
45 Late partner of Geo. Christy.

BALL PLAY.

FORMATION OF CLUBS.

In a previous issue we commenced a series of articles on the game of Base Ball, beginning with some remarks on the formation of clubs. Our first article contained the Constitution of a club, and now we continue it by giving the By Laws.

ARTICLE I.

At the regular meetings of the club, the following order of business shall be observed:—1st, calling the roll; 2d, reading the minutes of the previous meeting; 3d, collection of dues and fines; 4th, proposing members and election thereof; 5th, reports of committees; and 6th, miscellaneous business. A motion for adjournment shall always be in order.

ARTICLE II.

All persons elected members of this club shall pay an initiation fee of — dollars, and each member shall pay an —— due of —— dollars.

ARTICLE III.

No expenses for refreshments on match days shall be paid out of the funds of this club. All such expenses to be defrayed by individual subscriptions only. All the assessments levied on the members of this club shall be paid or not, at the option of each member assessed.

ARTICLE IV.

SECTION 1. Any member who shall use profane language either at a meeting of the club, or during field exercise, shall be fined — cts.

2. Any member disputing the decision of the Umpire during field exercise shall be fined — cts.

3. Any member refusing obedience to the Captain during field exercise, and while he has lawful authority, shall pay a fine of — cts.

4. Any member who shall absent himself from a business meeting, without a sufficient excuse, shall be fined — cts.

5. Any member, either at a meeting for business or field exercise, not coming to order when called upon to do so by the President or Captain, shall be fined — cts.

6. Any member refusing to pay the fines and dues imposed by these By Laws, or who shall absent himself from field exercise for the space of three months, may be suspended or expelled by a vote of —— of the members at any regular meeting.

7. Any member under suspension is subject to dues, but cannot either vote or participate in field exercise.

ARTICLE V.

Members when assembled for field exercise will be directed by two Captains, who shall be designated by the presiding officer of the club present. The Captains are to have absolute control of the game, and shall designate each position the player is to occupy in the field, which position cannot be changed without the consent of the respective Captains. The presiding officer will also designate some member to act as Umpire, whose duty, on such occasions, shall be to keep the game in a book kept for that purpose, and note all violations of the By Laws. He shall decide all disputes relative to the game, and shall collect the fines incurred during the game, and pay the same to the Treasurer. If there be not a sufficient number of members of the club present when a match be made up, others, not members, may be chosen to make up a game, which game shall not be broken up to admit members arriving on the ground later than the time appointed for commencing play. In all other cases, members shall have the preference.

ARTICLE VI.

Any alteration, addition, or amendent of these By Laws shall be made in the same manner as provided in Article — Section — of the Constitution.

DRURY LANE THEATRE, one of the principal in London, ng, was established in the reign of James I, under the name of e Phœnix After the restoration, patents for stage performances ere issued, and ten of the actors were called King's servants In 71 it was burnt down, and was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, t again consumed, Feb. 24, 1809, and rebuilt by B Wyatt, 1811 was opened with an address composed by Lord Byron. The in rior was entirely rebuilt in 1822, and is estimated to be capable of ntaining 3,611 persons.

TO HEALTH.

What are the miser's splendid hoards of wealth
To thee, thou greatest, best of blessings—health?
Not all his riches give the wretch the power
To buy thy presence for one single hour:
Tho' when on sick bed laid, and rack'd with pain,
He'd freely give them all to woo thee back again.
And yet how truly has the poet said,
"Thy value ne'er is known till thou art fled,
But when once lost, we then too keenly know
The virtue, which, when our's, possession could not shew."

THE GAMBLING DOMINE.

BY ONE WHO GOT "SUCKED IN."

It so happened that there were several passengers like myself, bound for Columbus on the Tombeckbe, to which place our boat was destined. As was customary at that time, we had no sooner got fairly under weigh, before cards were produced, and one fellow, whose lungs and audacity were greater than the rest, was heard throughout the cabin calling upon all persons who were disposed to "take a hand in" to come forward. With my new policy in view, I was one of the first to answer this challenge. I had provided myself in Mobile with several packs, and taking a couple of them in hand, I went forward to the table, which meanwhile had been drawn out in the cabin, and coolly surveyed my companions. Our puritan came forward at the same moment, and, in the gravest terms and tones, protested against our playing.

"My young friends," he cried, "let me beg you not to engage in this wicked amusement. Cards are, as it has been often and well said—cards are the prayer-books of the devil. It is by these that he wins souls daily to his gloomy kingdom. Night and day he is busy in these arts, to entrap the unwary, whom he blinds and beguiles until, when they open their eyes at last, they open them in dwellings of damnation. Oh, my dear children, do not venture to follow him so far. Cast the temptation from you—defy the tempter; and in place of these dangerous instruments of sin, hearken, I pray you, to the goodly outpourings of a divine spirit. If you will but suffer me to choose for you a text from this blessed volume —"

Here he took a small pocket bible from his bosom, and was about to turn the leaves when a cry from all around me, silenced him in his homily, which promised to be sufficiently unctuous and edifying.

"No text—no text," was the general voice—"none of the parson—none of the parson."

"Nay, my beloved children—" the preacher begun, but a tall good-humored looking fellow, a Georgian, with the full face, lively eyes, and clear skin of that State, came up to him, and laid his broad hand over his mouth.

"Shut up, parson, it's no use. You can't be heard now, for you see it's only civility to let the devil have the floor, seeing he was up first. If, now, you had been quick enough with your prayer-book, and got the whip-hand of him, confound me, but you should have sung out the song to the end of the verses; but you've been slow, parson—you've been sleeping at your stand, and the deer's got round you. You'll get smoked by the old one yourself, if you don't mind, for neglecting your duty."

"Peace, vain young man —"

He was about to begin a furious denunciation, but was allowed to proceed no farther. The clamor was unanimously against him; and one tall fellow, somewhat dandily accoutred like myself, coming forward, made a show of seizing upon the exhorter. Here I interposed.

"No violence, gentlemen; it's enough that we have silenced the man, let him not be hurt."

"Ay, if he will keep quiet," said the fellow, still threatening.

"Oh, quiet or not," replied the Georgian, "we mustn't hurt the parson. Dang it, he shan't be hurt. I'll stand up for him. Parson, I'll stand up for you; but by the Hokey, old black, you must keep your oven close."

I joined in the promise if he would be quiet and offer no farther interruption, and he so far seemed to warrant our assurance as, without promising himself, to take a seat, after a few half-suppressed groans, on a bench near the table on which we were about to play. I was first struck with suspicion of the fellow by this fact. If the matter was so painful to his spirit, why did he linger in our neighborhood when there was so many parts of the boat to which he might have retreated? The suspicion grew stronger when I found him, after a little while, as watchfully attentive to the progress of the game as any of the players.

Favorably impressed with the frankness of the Georgian, I proposed that we should play against the other two persons who were prepared to sit down to the table, and my offer was closed with instantly. We bet on each hand, on the highest trump, and on the game with each of our opponents, a dollar being the amount of each bet, so that we had a good deal of money staked on the general result of the game. I know that I lost nine dollars before the cards had been thrice dealt. I now proceeded to try some of the tricks which I had seen others perform, and in particular, that in which the dealer, by a peculiar mode of shuffling, divides the trumps between his partner and himself. My object was to fix the attention of one of my opponents, whom I suspected from the first to be no better than he should be, simply because he wore a habit not unlike my own, and was covered with trinkets in the same manner. But I lacked experience; there was still a trick wanting which no sleight of hand of mine could remedy. Though I shuffled the cards as I had seen them shuffled, by drawing them alternately from top and bottom together, I found neither mine nor my partner's hand any better than before, and looking up with some affected chagrin in my countenance, I caught sight of what seemed to be an understanding smile between the opponent in question and the parson, who, sitting a little on one side of me, was able to look, if he desired it, into my hand. This discovery, as I thought it, gave me no little pleasure. I was resolved to test it, and ascertain how far I was correct in my suspicions. I flattered myself that I was in a fair way to fall upon the clue which might conduct me into the very midst of the gamblers, who are all supposed to be connected, more or less, on the western waters; and yield me possession of their secrets. Accordingly, I displayed some of my cards ostentatiously before the eyes of the preacher, and had occasion to observe, an instant after, that the play of my opponent seemed to be regulated by a certain knowledge of my hand. He finessed constantly upon my lead; and with an adroitness which compelled the continual expression of wonder and dissatisfaction from the lips of my partner. I was satisfied, so far, with the result of my experiment, and began to think of pausing before I proceeded farther; when my Georgian cashed down his cards as the game was ended against us, and cried out to me, with a countenance which, though flushed, was full of feeling—

"Look you, stranger, suppose we change. We don't seem to have luck together, and there's no fun in being all the time on the losing side. The bad luck may be in me, or it may be in you, I don't say; but it can do no harm to shift it to other shoulders, whoever has it. I've been diddled out of twenty-six hard dollars, in mighty short order."

"Diddled!" exclaimed my brother dandy, with an air of ineffable heroism, turning to my partner. Without discomposure the other replied:—

"I don't mean any harm when I say diddled, stranger, so don't be uneasy. I call it diddling when I lose my money, fight as hard as I can for it. That's the worst sort of diddling I know."

The stranger looked fierce for a moment, but he probably soon discovered that the Georgian had replied without heeding his air of valor, and there was something about his composed manner which rendered it at least a doubtful point whether anything in the shape of an insult would not set his bulky frame into overpowering exercise.

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

Monsieur Rossignolle was the most wonderful of all species which in the writer's experience have flooded the stage. His ability lay not in simply imitating the human voice —the common province of human ventriloquists, and the most attainable—but those of all birds and beasts, and all noises, whether natural or mechanical. It was difficult to say which was most to be admired in his organ, its astonishing power, or its minute liquidity; for he could give you as correct an idea of the sawing of a huge piece of timber as of the song of a linnet. His entertainment was divided into three parts, with appropriate scenes, which he carried with him—the first represented an aviary and menagerie, in which he personated the keeper, and, as he approached every animal or bird, it gave its distinct growl or whistle; the next was the interior of a workshop, in which he pretended to be making a box, and imitated the sound of all the implements employed. These were rendered characteristic by his dress, and somewhat humorous by his broken English exclamations. But the third and most humorous scene was his performance on a violin without strings, of a variety of difficult music. Here the illusion exceeds conjecture, and what was to me most delightful, all Plymouth came to partake in it.

Rossignolle was a fellow of very humorous ideas; he had met with adventures in all parts of Europe, which it was his sole amusement to recount. Among the number, the one that occurred to him on the road from Exeter to Plymouth was not the least whimsical. He had taken his place in the night in the night-coach, but by mistake or connivance was expelled to the outside. The night was very dark, and soon after the coach set off it began to rain, which in regard to Devonshire is to say that the water came down like a cataract. Being neither provided with a great-coat nor umbrella, he naturally envied the situation of those who sat near him. To desire their discomfort was but another throb with him to obtain it; and in the depth of his roguery, therefore, as well as distress, he resolved on the following expedient:—He was the only passenger on the outside, and his location being the dickey, the coachman at the other extremity of the vehicle was incapable of "peeping through the blanket of the dark" upon his doings. He pretended to hug and hush a child in his arms, whose fretful whine he commenced and increased till it cut the drums of the other passengers' ears like a razor. Two of these persons happened to be females, one of whom was a mother, and the other expected to be. They instantly exclaimed "Dear me! there's a poor child on the roof in the rain; let's take it in!" The males, as gentlemen and Christians, were compelled to acquiesce; so down went the sash, and out went a lady's head and shoulders to address Rossignolle: "Here, here, my good woman, give me the child." "No no!" said the latter, mimicking the voice of a female. "mine little Adolphine sal not go from her mamma." And then he commenced another series of soprano notes, interspersed with an abundance of basso hush-abys, more intolerable than the former. "Good heavens!" said a humane female to her companion, "it's a barbarous French woman! She'll kill the poor thing." Then leaning out of the window again, "Give me the child, good woman, will you? it will catch its death! Here, coachman, stop! stop!" "Stop, ma'am?" said Jehu; "bless your soul, did you ever hear of sich a thing, in sich a rain as this? And if I did stop, the young un on the dickey would frighten the cattle."

Rossignolle now pretended to get into a passion with the child and scold it; at which the women opened upon him, the gentlemen swore, and between the squalling, growling, screaming, and threatening, a delightful tumult ensued. The dialogue, as he described it, then ran in the following manner:

Child, squalling—"Ya, ya!"
Rossignolle—"Hush, hush, child, child!"
Women within—"Don't use it so, good woman."
Child—"Ya, ya, ya," (a crescendo.)
Rossignolle—"I will frow you in de mud."
Women—"What does she say?"
Child—"Ya, ya, ya!"
Rossignolle—"Wont you hush? I trow you away!"
Woman—"O, you wretch!"
Rossignolle—"Dere, den, you pe in de poodle."

Here suiting the action to the word, he made a noise as if he had actually deposited the infant in a ditch, the cries of which grew fainter as the coach passed on. The uproar that now ensued in the vehicle would have done credit to a St. Giles' watch-house on St. Patrick's day. The women yelled, and the men thumped the roof with their sticks, and swore out of the windows.

"Stop, coachman, stop! murder, murder! she's killed the child, she's thrown it into the ditch; will you stop, coachman?"

"In three minutes, marm, to change horses."

"But there's a child lying in the road."

"I'll send some one from the inn to pick it up, marm; I mustn't lose time between the stages."

The torrent of abuse now turned on the coachman, and one of the passengers, who was a lawyer, swore that if the child died, he would prosecute the former for manslaughter and the mother for murder. On arriving at the inn, Rossignolle jumped down and ran into the kitchen to dry himself. The house was thrown instantly into confusion; the Frenchwoman was ordered to be seized, lanterns lighted, and a party set off to retrace the road headed by the humane lawyer. No infant, however, was to be found; and after groping till they were all thoroughly drenched, they returned to the inn. The lawyer was then told that the Frenchwoman had made her escape, and that a gentleman had taken her place in the coach, which was now out of sight.

Sir Humphrey Davy.—The annexed amusing extract is taken from the "Life of Sir Humphrey Davy," recently published in London:—

"Cold ablutions neither his constitution nor his philosophic temperament required, so he rarely washed himself. And, on the plea of saving time, he used to put on his clean linen over his dirty—so that he has been known to wear at the same time, five shirts and five pairs of stockings. On the rare occasions when he divested himself of his superfluous integuments, he caused infinite perplexity to his less intimate friends, who could not account for his rapid transition from corpulence to tenuity. The ludicrousness of his costume did not end here. Like many other men of powerful and excitable minds, he was very fond of the tranquil and rather weak amusement of angling; and on the banks of the Thames he might be found, at all un-suitable seasons, in a costume that must have been a source of no common merriment to the river nymphs. His coat and breeches were of green cloth. On his head he wore a hat that Dr. Paris describes as having been originally intended for a coal-heaver, but as having, when in its raw state, been dyed green by some sort of pigment." In this attire, Davy flattered himself that he resembled vegetable life as closely as it was possible for mortal to do. But if his angling dress was droll, his shooting costume was more so. His great fear as an angler was that the fish should escape him; his greatest anxiety as a bearer of a gun was to escape being shot. In the one character, concealment was his chief object; in the other, revelation. So that he might be seen from a distance, and run fewer chances of being fired into by accident, he was accustomed, on shooting excursions, to crown himself with a broad-brimmed hat, covered with scarlet. It never struck him that, in Protestant England, he incurred imminent peril of being mistaken for a cardinal, and knocked over accordingly.

Pop him Over.—"I say, boy, is there anything to shoot about here?" inquired a sportsman of a boy he met. "Well," was the reply, "nothing just about here; but the schoolmaster is down the hill yonder—you can pop him over."

DODGING THE MILITIA FINE.

In days gone by, when the objectionable militia laws were in force in old Massachusetts, the customary draft was made in a country town a few miles from Boston, and a notice to appear "armed and equipped, according to law," was left at the boarding house of a wag, who possessed very little "martial music" in his soul. Determined that he would neither train or pay a fine, and entertaining withal a very indifferent opinion of the utility of the system—he took no notice of the summons.

Having been duly "warned," however, as he expected, at the expiration of a few weeks, the sergeant waited upon him with a bill of nine shillings, for non-attendance at the muster.

"You're fined, sir—nine shillings—non-appearance."

"What is it?" said the wag, pretending to misunderstand the collector.

"Fine for not training," bawled the other.

"Shan't pay it fellow."

"It will be three dollars the next time I call."

But the wag couldn't hear a word that he said, and in the course of another month he received a peremptory summons to appear forthwith at a court martial in the district, instituted for the purpose of trying delinquents, and collecting such fines as could be scared out of the non-performers of duty. Having fixed upon a final plan to dodge the issue, at the appointed hour he waited upon the said court, to show cause, if any he had, why he shouldn't willingly have toted a musket and knapsack about the town for twelve mortal hours, and otherwise perform the legal annual duties of a live "patriot."

He was ushered into the court room, immediately—which was held in an old country house, where he found some three or four persons seated attired in flashy regimentals, and whose awful "yaller epoletts" were enough to command the attention and respect of the profoundest beholder. Though somewhat disconcerted at this exhibition of spurs and buttons, he put a bold face on the matter, and responding to the directions of the junior member of the august court, he advanced to the table, and the chief functionary commenced the examination.

"Your name, sir?"

The offender placed his hand quickly on his ear, without uttering a word, or moving a muscle in his face.

"What is your name?" repeated the questioner, in a louder tone.

"A little louder," said the wag, without replying.

"*Name?*" shouted the judge.

"Taunton, Bristol county."

"What business do you follow?

"Main street," said the delinquent.

"Your *business?*" yelled the officer.

"Right hand side as you go up."

"How long have you been there?"

"About two miles and a half."

"How old are you, fellow?" continued the judge nervously.

"Boss carpenter."

"What the devil is the matter with your ears?"

"Dr. Scarpie's oil, sometimes."

"What, sir?"

"Sometimes Core'em's ointment."

"Why don't you answer me?"

"Nearly five years."

"He's as deaf as an adder," remarked the judge, turning round to his subordinates, earnestly—"clear the lubber out."

"You are not liable to perform military duty," said the secretary, with his mouth to the wag's ear.

"*I know that.*" said the fellow, coolly.

"His hearing improves," ventured the sergeant.

"What do you suppose we sit here for?" asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half a day," answered the prisoner.

"He may go," Mr. Sergeant.

"You can *go!*" said the under officer, pointing to the door. But our friend took no notice of the order.

"*You may go!*" yelled the judge. "Good God! Is it possible that a man can be as deaf as all that?"

"I can't say," continued the delinquent, pretending not to understand, "but I should think—"

"Go—*go!*" screamed the judge. There's nothing to pay. The Lord pity the colonel who had a regiment like you to command. Show him the door, major.

And our hero soon found himself at liberty. He was never summoned again to train, during his residence in Taunton.

Adventure of Nimrod Wildfire.—"I was ridin' along the Mississippi in my wagon, when I come acrost a feller floatin' down stream, settin' in the starn of his boat fast asleep! Well, I hadn't had a fight for ten days—*felt as tho' I should have to kiver myself up in a salt barrel to keep*—so Wolfy about the head and shoulders. So, says I, 'hulloa, stranger! if you don't take keer, your boat will run away with you!' So he looked up at me slantindickler, and I looked looked down on him slantindickler—he took out a chor o' tobaccer, and says he, 'I don't value you tantamount to *that!*' and then the varmint flapped his wings and crowed like a cock. I ris up, shook my mane, crooked my neck, and neighed like a horse. He run his boat head-foremost ashore. I stopped my wagon and sot my triggers. 'Mister,' says he, 'I can whip my weight in wild cats and ride straight through a crab apple orchard on a flash of lightning. Clear meat axe disposition—the best man, if I a'n't, I wish I may be tetotaciously exflunted!'"

The two belligerents join issue, and the Colonel goes on to say—

"He was a pretty severe colt, but no part of a priming to such a feller as me. *I put it to him mighty droll*—in ten minutes he yelled 'enough,' and swore I was a rip staver. Says I, *'A'n't I the yaller flower of the forest?* and I'm all brimstone but the head, and that's acquafortis!' Says he, *'Stranger, you're a beauty,* and if I only know'd your name, I'd vote for you next election.' Says I, 'My name is Nimrod Wildfire—half horse, half alligator, and a touch of the airthquake—that's got the prettiest sister, fastest horse in the district, and can out-run, out-jump, throw down, drag out, and whip any man in all Kaintuck!'"

Obituary.—Robert Wheat, who became a Mexican and afterwards a Secession General, was killed at the battle of Bull run, and the following truthful epitaph has been written on him by "Ching Foo," of correspondent note:

Here lies poor Bob,
Such a hero as Cobb
Might have chosen some tale to adorn;
Cut down like grain,
On the harvest plain,
And of all his fine tassels shorn;
Now, without d-ceit,
He was very good *Wheat*,
Though with wild *oats* he sowed his young morn,
And though rising quite high,
He had too much old *rye*,
Always running his seed into *corn*!

An Eternal Smash.—Prof. E. W. Evans, of Marietta College, Ohio, gives an elaborate account of the great meteor which passed over Ohio on the 1st of May, 1860. He says that "the explosion was heard over an area of about 150 miles in diameter."

Old Bachelors.—There was a festival in Greece, during the celebration of which, the women were empowered to seize the old bachelors, to drag them round the altar, and to beat them.

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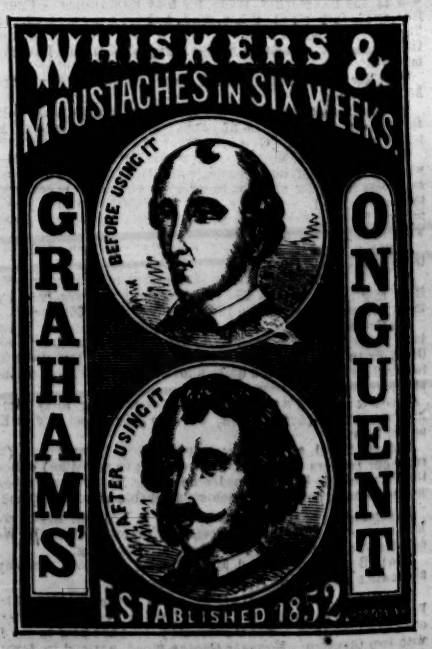

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